

## SONNET XX,



REAT is the joy that no tongue can  
express !

Fair babe, new born, how much dost  
thou delight  
me!

But what, Is mine so great ? Yea, no  
whit less ! So great, that of all woes it doth  
acquite me, It's fair FIDESSA that this  
comfort bringeth,

Who sorry for the wrongs, by her  
procured, Delightful tunes of love, of  
true love singeth ;

Wherewith her too chaste thoughts were  
ne'er inured. " She loves,\* she saith, "but  
with a love not blind."

Her love is counsel that I should not  
love; But upon virtues, fix a stayed  
mind.

But what *I* This new-coined love, love doth  
reprove ! If this be love of which you make  
such store ; Sweet! love me less, that you  
may love me more!

## SONNET XXI.



E THAT will CAESAR be, or else not be,  
(Who can aspire to CESAR'S bleeding  
fame !) Must be of high resolve; but what is  
he

That thinks to gain a second CESAR'S name  
? Whoe'er he be that climbs above his  
strength,

And climbeth high; the greater is his fall!  
For though he sit awhile, we see at length,

His slippery place no firmness hath at all!  
Great is his bruise that falleth from on high.

This warneth me that I should not aspire ;  
Examples should prevail! I care not, I!

I perish must, or have what I desire ! This  
humour doth with mine full well agree. I  
must FIDESSA'S be, or else not be!